

## Home Circle.

### A YOUNG, SWEET FACE.

BY PHILLIPS BROOKS.

[The following poem, never before published, was found in one of Phillips Brooks's early notebooks in which he jotted down thoughts and memoranda.]

Along the noisy city ways  
And in this rattling city car,  
On this, the dreariest of days,  
Perplexed with business fret and jar ;  
When suddenly a young, sweet face  
Looked on my petulance and pain,  
And lent it something of its grace,  
And charmed it into peace again.  
The day was just as bleak without,  
My neighbors just as cold within,  
And truth was just as full of doubt,  
The world was just as full of sin ;  
But in the light of that young smile  
The world grew pure, the heart grew warm,  
And sunshine gleamed a little while  
Across the darkness of the storm.  
I did not care to seek her name ;  
I only said, "God bless thy life ;  
Thy sweet young grace be still the same,  
Or happy maid or happy wife."

—Boston Transcript.

### A NAMELESS HERO.

THOMAS O. CONANT.

There are some characters mentioned in both the Old and New Testaments of whom we are given only the barest glimpse, who, nevertheless, awaken our deepest interest. We may not even know their names. Like a November meteor they flash suddenly upon the sight, and as suddenly disappear in midnight darkness. Yet by reason of some special service rendered at a critical moment, or by the exhibition of traits of character which arouse our admiration and stimulate our moral nature, they become very precious and very helpful to us. For sometimes these fleeting, inconspicuous characters, little as we know of them, suggest lessons of the highest practical value for the guidance and encouragement of those who are also inconspicuous and oftentimes discouraged, because they do not enjoy the large endowments and splendid opportunities of more highly favored mortals.

Somewhat more than twenty years after our Lord's ascension, Paul, the great apostle to the Gentiles, returned to Jerusalem, bearing gifts from the Gentile brethren for the poor saints in the Holy City. The Jews conspired to kill him. Rescued from their murderous hands by the Roman soldiers, and a band of forty agreed together to complete the interrupted task. At this moment our nameless hero appears upon the scene—Paul's sister's son.

I have always been glad that Paul had a sister. We can imagine, if we may not know, that a most tender, affectionate re-

lationship existed between them. Beneath Paul's rugged nature there beat a heart of warmest sympathy, and that sympathy, so often shown toward his children in the faith, must have gone out with yet deeper yearning toward his own flesh and blood, the companion of his childhood home. And for his nephew, also, the same warm and earnest affection must have been cherished in his great, warm, loving heart. We may be sure, too, that he inspired in their hearts an answering sympathy and affection. It is not known that they lived in Jerusalem ; there is some slight reason for supposing it was not their permanent home. Perhaps, following him with loving solicitude from distant Tarsus, they had come to Jerusalem expressly to watch over their beloved relative. At any rate, there they were ; and they were on the watch. In some mysterious way the nephew learns of murderous conspiracy that has been formed against his uncle's life, and, with the boldness of love, he determined to let Paul know. It must have required some courage on the part of the young man to penetrate the formidable fortress of Antonia, which represented the awful power of Rome, seeking an interview with his imprisoned uncle. But love casts out fear, and he ventures in.

The happy result of this interview need not be dwelt upon. The base scheme of the Jews miscarried. Paul was hurried off to Cesarea under cover of the night, and safely lodged in prison, there to await his trial before the Roman governor. And the young man, his sister's son, who had so opportunely exposed the plot and secured his safety, passes out of view, and we shall hear no more of him until the great and notable day when all things shall be revealed.

Yes, he has passed into the darkness. But is it not pleasant to think of him, and of the notable service he was called by the providence of God to perform for one of God's noblest ministers ? Would we not gladly lift the veil which hides from us his subsequent career ? We do not even know—but hardly can we doubt—that he was a disciple of the Lord. But I picture him to myself as, in after years, "ministering to the saints" in the same courageous spirit, but in a broader field, as on the one occasion of which we know. For his was the kind of spirit that is not daunted by obstacles. If there was something to be done, we may be sure that he was prompt to undertake it. And in that stirring time a spirit such as his found ample scope for action. \* \* \*

No loving service for God and his people will go unnoticed of him who, seeing in secret, will regard the faithful servant openly. We are often discouraged be-

cause of the pettiness of our daily lives. We can do so little ! And that little is so often unappreciated ! Our best service seems small and mean compared with what we would like to do. But let us take encouragement from this, that God judges not by the greatness of the deed, but by the willingness of the heart. He knows—he understands. He accepts the service, if it be but a flower given of good will, or the smoothing of a forehead seamed with pain, or a kind word for an angry one, and clothes it in robes of royal glory, and honors it in the presence of the blessed angels, saying, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."—*The Examiner*.

### A PRAYER FOR GIRLS.

You ask for a little prayer. Here is one written by Jeremy Taylor in his effort to teach the world what was meant by holy living : "Teach me to watch over all my ways, that I may never be surprised by sudden temptations or a careless spirit, nor ever return to folly and vanity. Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, and keep the door of my lips, that I offend not in my tongue, neither against piety nor charity. Teach me to think of nothing but Thee, and what is in order to Thy glory and service : to speak nothing but of Thee and Thy glories ; and to do nothing but what becomes Thy servant, whom Thy infinite mercy, by the grace of Thy holy spirit, hath sealed up to the day of Redemption."—*Ruth Ashmore in October Ladies' Home Journal*.

### HOW "UNCLE SAM" GOT HIS NAME.

The nickname, "Uncle Sam," as applied to the United States Government, is said to have originated as follows : Samuel Wilson, commonly called "Uncle Sam," was a Government inspector of beef and pork at Troy, New York, about 1812. A contractor, Elbert Anderson, purchased a quantity of provisions, and the barrels were marked "E. A." Anderson's initials, and "U. S.," for United States. The latter initials were not familiar to Wilson's workmen, who inquired what they meant. A facetious fellow answered : "I don't know, unless they mean 'Uncle Sam.'" A vast amount of property afterward passed through Wilson's hands marked in the same manner, and he was often joked upon the extent of his possessions. The joke spread through all the departments of the Government, and before long the United States was popularly referred to as "Uncle Sam."—*October Ladies' Home Journal*.

Obedience is happiness.—*Neel*.